

VENDORS PAY 50¢

PER PAPER

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A walk through the neighbourhood

By Linda Dumont

I took a walk around my neighbourhood just to see how long it would take for an Invisible City Tour, and found out that if I didn't stop to talk to anyone, the walk takes about an hour. It was after 7 p.m. so when I walked past the shelters, people were already lined up all along the side of Hope Mission even though they can't go in until 9 p.m., and there were men sitting outside the Herb Jamieson Centre.

At the Mustard Seed, there was the usual long line-up of people waiting to get inside for their evening meal. The line up reaches the corner and sometimes even curls around a bit.

I also walked past quite a few people just lying or sitting by the sidewalk. One man was sleeping in his wheel chair, and he did not move during the hour I was walking. Others were asleep on the grass by the sidewalk.

I recognized some of the people, but there are a lot of new faces, and there are always young people ending up on the street. The Memorial for the Homeless Sculpture, across from City Hall, contains five portraits I rendered in 2011 and three of them are no longer with us.

Book an *Invisible City* tour

Of Edmonton's inner city including the shelter district and surrounding area, agencies, churches, the health centre and other points of interest.

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**THE VIEWS PRESENTED ARE THOSE OF THE
CONTRIBUTORS.**

Dehydrating the myth

By Timothy Wild, Calgary

I am currently reading Roy Hattersley's excellent biography of the British prime minister and Liberal politician David Lloyd George. This extensive volume demonstrates the complexity and contradictions of the "Welsh Wizard", showing how his unwavering support of the "common people" against the unearned and entrenched privilege of the Monarchy and the House of Lords, needs to be balanced by the acknowledgement of a broad range of public scandals, near misses and moral laxity in both his personal and political life. Taken together, Lloyd George was a complex and complicated character, and Hattersley's book does a fine job of bringing it all together.

Perhaps, it isn't all that surprising that Hattersley should be able to do such a solid job of portraying the ever-changing blend of political and personal. After all, Hattersley was a member of parliament for the Labour Party from 1964 until 1997. He was, also, generally regarded as being on the right wing of the fraction-plagued party, as shown by his support of both European integration and continuing membership in NATO. However, unlike many others of similar political views, he chose to remain with Labour rather than defect to the Social Democratic Party. That, taken together with his subsequent criticism of the policies of Tony Blair, also demonstrates his own journey through the rough waters of political identity. Regardless, however, of where he fell in terms of the seasonal contours of the Labour Party, I remember his words that suggested people need both an equal start and an open road. I think that puts the aspirations of social democracy in a nutshell.

I certainly enjoyed Hattersley's book. But I definitely did not get the same pleasure from reading the Calgary Herald's coverage of the ideo-

logically pregnant "The 2016 Fraser Institute's Report Card on Alberta Elementary Schools". The Fraser Institute looked at the results of provincial standardized examination results and then ranked Alberta's elementary schools accordingly. Not surprisingly, a number of private schools did extremely well in the ratings, while some of the lower "performing" schools – both Public and Catholic state funded schools – were in the more socially and economically marginalized areas of Calgary and Edmonton.

People need both an equal start and an open road.

To their credit, the Herald did consider some factors that may have contributed to lower scores looking, for example, at the prevalence of younger people with special needs, in addition to English Language Learners. But, ultimately, the glaring example of the impact of class based inequality and inequity was not given the space that was needed for thoughtful debate and careful analysis. The rankings reflect the unnecessary limits that are placed on members of the working class, seemingly from day one. Hardly an equal start!

And this is where the critical importance of the "equal start" and an "open road" comes in. I think if we truly want to create a just, humane and inclusive society, we need to ensure equity, opportunities and outcomes. I think a major part of this is ensuring that top quality state supported education is accessible to all, regardless of money or postal code. When it comes right down to it, public education is the foundation of participation, and inclusion. Education provides the opportunities for the open road. It sets the foundation so that young people can make choices from a variety of realistic and attainable options. It is also

essential for and to democracy.

To support this, it is essential that public policy – and not simply the accidents of birth and money – provide the foundation. We need to replace examples of genetic luck, the appeal to vaguely irritating notions of resiliency and accidents of economics with actual recourse to elements that concretely reinforce access to basic social rights of citizenship. Much of this can be achieved through public education. We need to dehydrate the myth that private schools are inherently better than state funded ones. We must disabuse the notion that young people in more working class communities are less intelligent than the scions of the bourgeoisie, because that is clearly not the case. But if we want to support the development of people in those more marginalized communities we need to ensure that they have the educational resources to bring out the intellectual best of all learners. This involves not only support in the classroom, but may include additional help in terms of tutoring, food and linkages to broader community resources and connections. It is also related to providing social, economic and cultural support to parents and caregivers.

The Fraser Institute has ideological skin in the game. They want to promote the benefits of so-called market responses. But resort to the market is clearly not a good thing, especially when market failure is the cause of so much dislocation and marginalization in our province. Education is an essential public and collective good, and we need to de-privatize it as much as possible. It helps with both the equal start and the open road. And the state is best positioned to set the foundations and create the opportunities. Hopefully our provincial government will promote advances in public education. As has been said before, nothing is too good for the working class, particularly our children.



Does the world owe us a living?

By
Allan
Sheppard

(Third in an open-ended series prompted by our city's creation of yet another task force aimed at ending poverty: EndPovertyEdmonton.)

On 10 February 1934, almost exactly half way through the Great Depression, just when (according to some interpretations) that massive failure of laissez-faire capitalism and austerity governance bottomed out and began to turn itself around, Walt Disney released a Silly Symphonies animated cartoon, *The Grasshopper and the Ants* (available on Youtube).

You know the story. We all do, no matter what our cultural background; it has many lineages. A carefree grasshopper fritters the summer away, shrugging off the advice of industrious ants, who urge the grasshopper to follow their example and store food while it is abundant against winter days when it will be scarce. Inevitably, when winter comes and the grasshopper finds himself starving and freezing, he goes begging to the ants, pleading he was so busy fiddling and dancing the summer away he didn't have time to store food or prepare for winter.

In the most common version of the tale, told by the ancient Greek fabulist, Aesop, with variants in the Bible and other sources, the ants turn their backs on the grass-

hopper, mocking him: he can feed himself by what he chose to do all summer, fiddling and dancing. Exit grasshopper, starving.

As with all fables, there is a moral: there is a time to work and a time to play, and those who don't (or won't) learn the difference must suffer the consequences.

The Disney cartoon seems at first to follow Aesop's scenario. After the ants take the grasshopper in, feed him, and warm him, he hopes to stay. But the ant queen admonishes him: "With ants just those who work can stay."

But then the cartoon turns the traditional narrative on its head. The Ant Queen adds, "So take your fiddle and play."

The Grasshopper is panic-stricken until he realizes that the queen does not expect him to leave, she invites him to earn his keep by playing for her and her subjects. The cartoon ends happily, with everyone dancing to the grasshopper-fiddler's tune.

The grasshopper changes his summer song, "The world owes us a living," to a different, winter song: "I owe the world a living."

But there is a subtle undertone that sings through that new song: "I can pay my debt by doing what I do best and be accepted and rewarded by those who produce a surplus doing what they do best."

As an economist might say (though many would do so reluctantly): the grasshopper is transformed from a free rider (or free-loader in common speech) to a free spirit and respected as such.

In changing the Aesop narrative from an austere and mingy moral to an inclusive and generous one—

we all have useful talents and skills, if the world chooses to acknowledge them—Disney followed the lead of the French fabulist Jean de la Fontaine, and others before him all way back to contemporaries of Aesop (and parts of the Bible) who said the tough-love version encouraged reflexive selfishness and hoarding or worse, plundering of nature's and one's neighbour's resources.

Perhaps we should be surprised that Disney chose the counter-fable as the narrative for a mid-Depression cartoon; or perhaps not. In hard times hope, aspiration, and generous impulses might have been all that desperate and hungry people could have to sustain themselves and their neighbours. We find a similar example in the lyrics of a Rogers and Hart song from 1938: "Sing for your supper,/ And you'll get breakfast./ Songbirds always eat/ If their song is sweet to hear."

Paradoxically to some of us, we humans often seem more generous in times of scarcity than plenty. The drive toward austerity emerges strongest when times are good; or, perhaps more accurately, when times are good but seem to be at or just past their peak and about to collapse. As they do now.

Worldwide productivity has never been higher. Overall levels of poverty have never been lower. Yet the whole thing seems like a house of cards about to collapse. Things are falling apart. The social centre; the economic centre; the environmental centre; the political centre no longer seems to hold. To riff further on William

imagery, “mere anarchy” (that is, terror) seems to have been loosed in every corner of the globe. The world, as another poet said, is too much with us. It’s impossible to escape, hard to feel safe and secure anywhere.

Calls for austerity and much, much worse grow louder with every new atrocity experienced live and as it happens through and on mainstream, alternative, and now social media.

The temptation is great to raise the drawbridge and flood the moats; batten the hatches and pull up the ladders; prepare for the inevitable invasion or storm. Those who have, keep; those who haven’t, lose. They are out of luck. Worse still, they can be, and will be, presumed to have only themselves to blame for what they may (or may not) have done or, if they are blameless on that score, for who or what they are: refugees, for instance, from a brutal war that they did not themselves start and cannot themselves end; or members of a group marginalized for, among any number of reasons, race, religion, gender, age, culture, disability, mental or physical illness (including addiction), religion, politics—worst of all lack of an appropriate work ethic (laziness).

Advocates of lifeboat ethics have no problem finding reasons to support and defend their safe positions and find fault with those who missed the privilege of a seat.

It was not always thus, and need never be so. The debate has gone on for millennia, but there seem always to have been at least two schools of thought on the issue. Disney’s cartoon take is surprising today in part because his organization has evolved into an epitome of capitalism and

corporate privilege and a powerful advocate for rigid austerity and the lifeboat ethics that implies.

Yet freelance columnist Gwynne Dyer (gwynnedyer.com, Universal Basic Income, 06 June 2016) suggests the ethics of generosity is having a revival in Europe, if not yet in North America, or, sadly, in Canada and Alberta. It’s being advocated by some (so far) outliers in our part of the world, but mostly we are still in the talking and dreaming stages, clinging to austerity as the best—in fact only—answer.

And how do we—and should we—define work anyway?

Parts of Europe have moved beyond talking, dreaming, and clinging.

On 05 June this year Switzerland held a referendum asking its citizens if they would support a universal basic income amounting to about \$30,000 for a single adult and \$7,500 for a child. The proposal was rejected by a four-to-one majority. But that overwhelming result was not driven by ideology (Dyer notes that politicians on the right and the left supported it, in principle) or because it was too expensive (it would have cost about 50 per cent more than current welfare programs according to Dyer; at least partly explained by the fact the benefit would have gone to all citizens, not just the poor). It was rejected because Switzerland’s special relationship with the European Union (it is not a full member) requires it to keep its borders open to citizens of all EU countries; the Swiss were afraid, not unreason-

ably, that Switzerland would become a magnet for migrants from all over Europe wanting to enjoy the proposed benefits.

Dyer suggests the solution to that is for Switzerland to regain control of its borders, but there is another option: persuade EU members to offer their own universal basic incomes that, Dyer says, “replace the usual humiliating jumble of welfare payments with a single fixed sum for everybody,” so that “everybody gets a guaranteed income that is enough to live on, whether they are poor or rich, employed or not.” Beyond that basic level, everyone would have been free to earn extra income for luxuries: by working in the gigging economy (bouncing from temporary job to temporary job, without benefits), in a power job, or in a profession.

But how, you say, would that affect the incentive for work among those who receive a basic, no-strings-attached income?

I’m glad you asked that; I will look at some possible answers in future instalments in this series.

Other European countries and some cities are preparing to launch pilot projects next year: a chance to replace ideology with evidence-based research. Now there’s a concept worth exploring!

And how do we—and should we—define work anyway? Is the industrial economy the only environment in which it can exist and have value? Initiatives tried in South America and other places suggest other possibilities.

Interesting questions. Interesting ideas. Interesting times. Stay tuned.



OPINION - War Cry

For He say's in Mathew 16:18 "What ever you bind on earth will be bound in Heaven and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in Heaven ." Now exactly what does this mean? Christians this is the authority of the believer available because of the blood of Jesus. It is our ability to bind together spiritually . What you do on earth will be done by the

Angles in heaven. They are ministering beings that wait to help us I use my Angels all the time .

Sometimes it will be something as simple as I bind that person to the cross and it's done. And I loose the spirit of God over them to draw them to the cross . I can say it quietly in my head it still happens.

Many years ago I was listening to a program where the speaker told about an old lady in a bank robbery. She cried out "The blood of Jesus is against you " The bank robber killed everyone but her. I found this interesting.

A day later I was held hostage in my home. Quietly I spoke the same thing and as he went out the door he said, "I guess I'll let you live tonight."

It worked. Two of your most important protections are the blood of Jesus or the name of Jesus. Put it over your day your children blood-line everything that concerns you. It works most powerful substance for all eternity. So step out of your comfort zones and step into more of Jesus. Shake off the dust from those pews; arise in Christ.

So lets pray, "Dear Lord I come to your throne of grace and mercy to obtain mercy in the last days Please give me a sprit of boldness to proclaim your salvation and give me gifts to strengthen me. Teach me to operate as never before for your kingdom sake. Draw me into truth and protect me from the enemy I want to reach my destiny and do something to see more come to Christ use me lord Amen."

By Sharon Spencer

Awake, awake arise from your sleep. Prepare your self. You are in the last days. Christians arise. One hour in church just isn't going to cut it anymore . God's looking for people that will go the extra mile, give the extra dollar, care about the needy.

Ask God to make you bold - bold enough to declare the word of salvation to the lost. Ask him to fill you with his gifts to function more in the Spirit . Learn the importance of binding and loosing as one of your God given tools.



Electoral Reform Town Hall

with **Linda Duncan,**
Member of Parliament, Edmonton-Strathcona

Thursday, September 8, 7 pm

Westbury Theatre, Arts Barns, 10330 84 Ave

The government has promised that the 2015 federal election would be the last "first-past-the-post" election. This gives us the opportunity to change our electoral system and make every vote count.

Have your say on how Canada's electoral system should change!

For other ways to participate in the electoral reform discussion, visit my website at www.LindaDuncanMP.ca, or contact my office at 780-495-8404 or linda.duncan.c1b@parl.gc.ca.

How Hot it WAs

By Joanne Benger

1. Shoes melted and stuck to sidewalks.
2. People fried eggs on flat rocks.
3. BBQs burned meat without charcoal.
4. Swimming pools were filled with boiling hot water.
5. Sweating became a national passtime.
6. Dehydration was the new flu.
7. Ice cubes evaporated.
8. Ponds evaporated and became dust bowls.
9. Ice cream melted on its way to the cone.
10. Birds laid boiled eggs.
11. Cows gave powdered milk.
12. Chickens were roasted as they walked across the barnyard.
13. Laundry dried itself between the washer and the dryer.
14. Ears of corn popped before they could be picked.
15. Cranberries turned in craisins on the bush.
16. Riverbeds turned to dust and people started dust rafting.
17. Sitting on the hot car seats caused painful burns.
18. Air conditioners burned out.
19. Water shortages caused wrinkles.
20. Lakes got blue green algae which became blue dust.
21. All candles were self igniting.
22. Cars had to be converted to run on gasoline fumes.



Novena prayer

Divine Infant Jesus, I know you love me and would never leave me.

I thank you for your close presence in my life. Miraculous infant, I believe in your promise of peace, blessings and freedom from want. I place every need and care in your hands. (mention specific requests).

Lord Jesus, may I always trust in your generous mercy, and love.

I want to honour and praise you now and forever. Amen. J.C.



Note:
"Zentangling" means "doodling"

TIME TRAVELS

I used to be a quiet poetess

who brought a hopefulness

to many chaotic places.

Now, I am a dove's soul,

bright, incandescent, alabaster.

I travel through infinity.

I can see optimism is for eternity.

I listen to many poems.

I listen to ethical, trusty, and **sincere** living souls.

Flying independently makes me blissful.

By Remza Lagarija

HEALING WORDS



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Time Travel

by Gily Ro

I woke this morning to the smell of cigarette smoke permeating my memory and transporting me back in time to my childhood. Export A if I'm not mistaken. Such things happen when the nights are warm and windows are left open. Who says time travel doesn't exist. In a flash I'm back standing paralyzed, surrounded by another existence watching my past like an old black and white movie playing. Enveloping me like it's happening all over again. More often than not a horror flick. Flicking my ears with unbearable pain.

I'm back, standing on my balcony staring at the robin's egg blue sky dotted with white fluffy cotton balls, a yellow hue towards the east as the sun peaks over the horizon. A soft breeze blows loose hairs free from the constraints of my ponytail tickling my face and gently rustles the dark green leaves on the poplar trees down below. A seagull glides effortlessly as if floating on gentle waves. A magpie squawks. There's three of them. They seem to be fighting constantly. Yet more victims of the economic downturn, Unwilling to share what little there is. The noise of a helicopter flying by and traffic picking up on the avenue let me know the smoker and I are no longer the only ones awake.

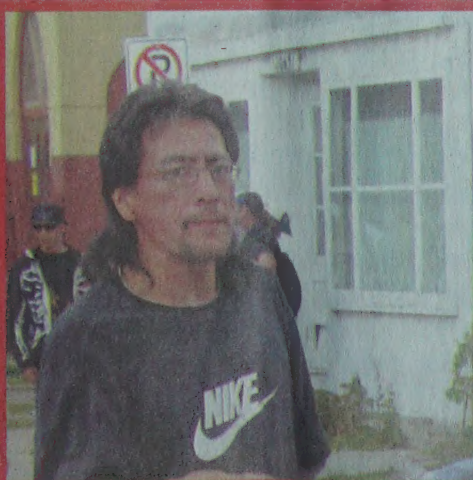
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The Local News

By Rodney Graham
Founding Editor. Street Sheet
Winnipeg.

It's really saddening to see how the local mainstream media in Winnipeg, Manitoba - the "deep south" of Canada, subtly and regularly demonize Native Indians in the news. It's constant. It's methodical. It's systemic. It never ends. It's part of the fabric and culture of the province... But the media is not stupid. They were taught to give the people what they want.

The media merely gives people what they want to see and placates their desire and need to feel superior, to be ignorant, to be afraid... it's understandable when you realize the shallow, two dimensional people that they are... Its roots are as old as the province. The seat of the governance of western Canada begin here.

I realized the reason I had stopped watching any local news in Winnipeg this morning when I saw the disturbing menu they offer the clones here. First of all - The local news. If there is any crime, no matter how small or insignificant - and it's a crime done by a Native Indian - they cover that in depth, they cover every aspect of it - complete with a picture of the Indian person. The newscaster speaks with fear in her face, with concerned countenance and solemn voice she lays it on the table. Then, if they have found anything weird or creepy..... This morning it was a freak accident on carnival ride somewhere, in another country entirely. That was followed with a shake of the head by the anchor...

Continuing with 'local' news, there's a story carefully construed, about how the nice R.C.M.P. fed the dogs 'left behind' when Native Indians left their reserve recently, evacuated because of a forest fire. But it seems to me that in Ft. McMurray, where oil workers had been evacuated because of forest fires, there was no 'news' of

dogs left behind'. I do remember seeing in Instagrams and in messages and comments that dozens of dogs had been abandoned. But the mainstream had not thought to do a news report on that at all. Somehow it had escaped their attention. In Fort McMurray, they weren't Indians - they were nice oil workers.

You might not hear at all about this little reserve up north being ravaged by fire - the poor people who live in abject poverty, people with the highest incidence of suicide in North America. You might hear about the nice R.C.M.P who went out of their way to feed the Native's dogs however. That story will no doubt be alive in the eternal internet forever...

And this is how our mainstream media in Canada has helped oppress a race of people for decades.

That's the news, the local news in Winnipeg every morning. It's what the good people want, apparently. And it's why I stopped, long ago, watching the local news in Winnipeg.



Bottle picking

By Vivian Risby
Couterielle

How can people blame bottle pickers? How many bottles did they steal from them? We don't own trucks and pick. Do what a lot of people do - push a cart. Then you will

understand. Your feet will hurt and then you will understand. Don't toot your horn and say, "Get out of my way." People pick to make money for food and some do steal for booze. A lot of my friends say, "Walk a mile in my shoes." Then a lot of people call us down. Why? No jobs. I have seen some people who have given me bottles. Now they turn away. Do not be ashamed. We all know a lot of people need extra money. I do thank all the people who help me, Thank you from Chewy and Vivian.

Woman Needs Scooter

My name is Jane Laliberte. I am 66 years old and on very low pension. I have osteo-arthritis, degenerative disc disease and fibromyalgia. I had a very bad accident last January 2016 and another one on April 8. I have permanent injuries to the vertebrae in my neck and left arm and shoulder. I also have a bad hip. I have a lot of falls even with my walker. It is very scary.

My doctor wants me to get a scooter or a motorized wheel chair. I prefer a scooter as it is cheaper and I would feel safer with one but I can't afford one as they are about \$3,500 to \$4,000.

I can't walk very far and I feel so depressed. I am used to being on the go all the time and I need to have my life back. Thank you so much for your attention.

Sincerely, Jane Laliberte

Editor's Note

Does anyone have a scooter that is no longer needed?

A friend got a free scooter through Easter Seals Campaign.

The Bears Are Back

By Sharon Austin

As a child I remember hearing the story of Goldielocks and the Three Bears many times. I had never seen a real bear and I imagined them to be big, furry, friendly creatures like my dogs. I always thought that Goldielocks was a very naughty girl sneaking into someone's house when they weren't home. I felt so sorry for poor baby bear finding his empty porridge bowl, broken chair, and a stranger sleeping in his bed. The first time I saw a real bear was at Al Oeming's Game Farm. It happened to be feeding time and the workers were feeding two Grizzly bear cubs with giant milk bottles. I was amazed to see how big they were and what long sharp claws they had. Now, many years later it is a common sight to see a black bear roaming around our property in the spring. They love to rip up the garbage if we put it out and they have an amazing sense of smell.

We used to keep the grain and bread for our geese and ducks in a trailer but the bear could smell the food right through the closed door. I awoke to hear hammering and the tinkle of breaking glass and found that he had smashed the window in the steel door. We don't keep the feed there anymore but on another day I did get a good picture of the bear standing in the deck chair and looking in the window. It seems the bears are now coming to my house uninvited! Often in the morning there will be dirty bear



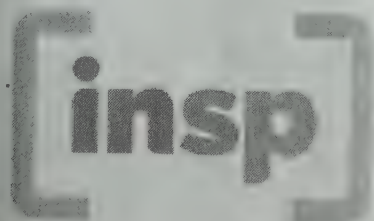
tracks all over my husband's truck and big paw prints on the windows. One of the neighbours called the forest rangers and they came and put a live bear trap that looked like a huge circular cage baited with rotting fish in their yard. Once the bear was caught, the rangers let him go in a gravel pit about five miles down the road.

"He'll probably beat them back here," my husband laughed, knowing that a bear can range over quite a big territory and can travel quickly across country.

My mother-in-law had a true bear story that she loved to tell around the campfire. When she was a young bride, her husband acted as a guide to rich American hunters who would come to bag a moose or a deer. They stayed at their camp on the Lepreau River and she acted as camp cook. The men would usually come walking back into camp just at dusk and they would always try to scare her by howling like wolves or growling like enraged bears. One night they were particularly late getting back to camp and it was already pitch dark. Suddenly she

heard the men pounding on the camp door with their fists and snorting and growling. "I'll fix them," she thought as she snuck quietly out the back door with her broom. In the darkness she could just make out the form of a large figure pounding on the door. Raising the broom she delivered a tremendous whack to what she hoped was the seat of her husband's pants. The figure gave a terrible bellow, dropped to all fours, and high-tailed it for the woods. She dropped her broom and ran screaming in the other direction. Yes, she had whacked a real bear!

The bears and I have a healthy relationship. If they see me they quickly run for the woods; if I see them first I quietly walk away in the other direction. When I go out in the evening I take my big dog with me as she is great at chasing the bears away. I know that as soon as the berries come out in the blueberry plains the bears will be gone until the apples are ripe on the wild apple trees. It is wonderful to live in a place where I can see wildlife right in my own yard.



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3 car accidents in two months is a wake up call!



John Zapantis standing by his former 2012 Toyota Corolla CE waiting to be salvaged while parked in a lot at Kentwood Ford in Edmonton.

Photo by Heather Shonsta

Story by John Zapantis

When I first heard about the driver distraction laws being introduced by the Alberta provincial government, I thought that that was one of the most ridiculous laws ever introduced in the history of the motor vehicles act, until I got a rude awakening as the butt end of two car accidents.

The first accident that I was involved in as far as distractions go, happened February 21st at around 3:15 p.m. while driving eastbound along Jasper Avenue heading towards the traffic light intersection on 95 street in Edmonton. My girlfriend and I were on our way to see the aftermath of the Italian Bakery fire in Beverly and were deeply immersed in conversation about that fire and how that whole building was quickly taken down by that monster blaze. Just as I was about to reach the intersection at 95 Street going eastbound along Jasper Avenue, my girlfriend Theresa Walsh Cooke blasted me as she yelled out,

"John, look out! A car is coming."

That's when I felt a large nudge as a car coming from the left hand side of the front end of my vehicle drove right into my Toyota as both our vehicles came to an abrupt stop in the middle of the intersection.

I bolted quickly out of my car, in a rage, yelling out at my girlfriend seated to the passenger side of me, "Theresa, didn't I tell you that it was inevitable that we'd be involved in an accident if we kept talking while I was driving."

All Theresa could do was remain quiet with a fearful look on her face.

When we both got out of the vehicle to see if the occupant of the other car was all right, I quickly apologized to her with a warm hug and took the blame by admitting that this accident was my fault, to make up for any mental or emotional pain I may have caused her, while trying to recover from the trauma of the accident.

While getting out of my car to see if driver of the other vehicle was alright, I noticed a tall young man in his late thirties coming out of his vehicle to greet me with calm composure. This man I won't name in order to protect his identity.

In minutes, without any arguing, we agreed to exchange information and traded our licenses and insurance poli-

cies, so that we could have our proper documentation verified to the police for processing.

Within 10 minutes a police car had pulled up to the scene with its two officers, who asked the two of us to hand over the essential information needed to determine the validity for our driving records.

While one of the officers was interviewing me on the origins of this accident, I admitted that I was at fault and mentioned to him that I was heading down Jasper Avenue going eastbound towards 95 Street when I noticed a red light in front of me as the other vehicle was in the right making a right turn from 102 Avenue going southbound while trying to cross over 95 street.

102 Avenue is another avenue that runs parallel to Jasper Avenue that can send cars along that lane way going in three different directions. In this case the car that ran into me was heading south right from 102 avenue trying to cross southbound over Jasper Ave along 95 street.

When I looked over the damage to both vehicles I noticed that his right front bumper was slightly bent in, while the moulding beneath my left front headlight was torn off, but the damage for both vehicles looked minimal at that time.

The officer questioned the occupant of the other vehicle about what I just had admitted to and he also said that I was in the wrong and he was in the right prior to our two vehicles colliding.

Soon a tow truck from Kingsway Towing came to tow my car to my residence and I was later reimbursed for the towing charges that cost me \$105 dollars, which was covered my insurance company.

The following day, February 22nd, I took my vehicle into Kentwood Ford's Body shop for an estimate of how much it would cost me to have my vehicle repaired.

There, at the shop, I was told by one of the friendly counter ladies that I would be able to bring it in the following day that would fall on February 23rd.

That same day into the evening at 10 p.m., this time heading from a Tim Horton's in Edmonton's Jasper Place community I was driving down Stony Plain Road heading eastbound towards 142 Street. While trying to chill out, I turned on the car's radio and was listening to an intriguing radio documentary called *Zombie Apocalypse*.

The host of that program was describing how First Nations People quite often feel left out of the system's process, whether it be a Native person on the street being ignored by others in an emergency situation, to Native people being singled out on a job opportunity, because of race and the judicial system's way of depriving Natives the rights of a fair trial when first accused of a crime.

I was so immersed by this intriguing documentary that I went into my zone, feeling like I was in my own living room, listening to the radio at my home and for a moment or two forgetting that I was seated in the driver's seat of my vehicle driving my car down Stony Plain Road eastbound towards the traffic light intersection at 142 street.

While my eyes and my ears were attuned to the radio, my car rammed into something with a loud bang.

I was completely dazed by the horrible impact that came as a shock. I looked around me noticing heavy smoke billowing from underneath my vehicle that quickly rose above me and all around me.

It was a good thing that I had my seat belt on and my life was saved because of it. The air bag in my Toyota failed to deploy. The car had come to a complete standstill and its engine had died down immediately.

At that moment I felt a little apprehensive in trying to get out of my car, thinking that if I touched the door the car might blow up. I gave my head a

shake thinking that I was getting a little delusional at this point.

Then the shock of it all finally started to settle in. When I touched the driver's car door to get out, a popping sound could be heard, followed by what looked like a 12 inch in diameter, smaller version of what was supposed to be my airbag that came rushing out from underneath the steering wheel column.

That's when I finally decided to rush out of my car. In a thundering rage I said out loud, "Why is this always happening to me!"

Then I noticed that my car was mounted on a barricade, like some trophy car that seemed untouched from all ends. The under carriage of my car was stuck right on top of the barricade's mantle.

I looked over to my left side and then noticed a young Native boy who looked to be around age 15 holding what looked like a cell phone.

"Hey sir, can you call me a 911 back up, I need the police and a tow truck?" I said.

The young Native boy gave me a horrified look like he'd seen a ghost rise from the ashes, after I had survived this horrifying crash. He decided to race down the street doing the 100 yard dash in 7 seconds - record time.

I then walked further up the middle of the lane trying to flag down cars that were driving towards me, but not one of the first 30 cars that drove by me in that 15 minute period stopped to help, or even ask if I was all right.

For a while I was feeling like I was living in the degraded reality of that documentary *Zombie Apocalypse*, and during that horrible time I finally got a taste of what it was like to be Native for that half hour. Finally two supportive young women in their mid twenties came up to me in their car and asked me if I wanted to use their cell phone to call 911 for emergency backup.

I quickly borrowed their phone, thanking them for their support and the use of their phone.

The police arrived first and told

me that they could only stick around until a tow truck arrived. They told me they'd have to attend a call and wouldn't be able to fill out a police report because of that reason.

When the tow truck arrived, the police left for their call. In a matter of 15 minutes the tow truck managed to pry my car away from the mean grips of the barricade that I had smashed into.

The driver suggested to me that I go after the city for a claim. He pointed out to me that there was no warning sign posted in the front of the barricade to indicate that the barricade was there.

I thought it over for a while and reported the accident to my auto insurance company, emphasizing what the tow truck driver had advised me to do. I decided not to go after the city, because my insurance company beat me to the punch, paying me out instead.

Weeks later after filling a claim for both accidents, I received a payout from my insurance company for a total of \$7,765.00.

My former 2012 Toyota Corolla CE 4 door sedan was purchased on a three year term from Sun Toyota. Eight months after I had paid off that car, I found myself on the butt end of two unfortunate accidents, all in two days.

Now that my paid off car was irreparable and written off, I decided to purchase another car from a car salesman named Jo Cariou at Sherwood Park Toyota. The car this time was going to be a similar model to my old Grey 2012 Toyota Corolla CE four door sedan.

The car I purchased from Jo was a 2016 Grey Toyota Corolla CE four door sedan. The car retailed for \$21,246 on a four year plan. It took a month to arrive from eastern Ontario.

Now when I drive, because of those hard lessons learned, I make certain that I'm not talking to my girlfriend, or anyone and I certainly don't listen to the radio like I'm seated in the comfort of some living room! I stay focused at all times, cautiously anticipating a safe drive to my next destination! **Continued. in Sept.**

Family as a primary influence in our lives



By Maria B.

Coming from a dysfunctional family, we are able to recognize that the family is the primary influence in our lives that not only shapes us, but also sets in motion the disorders that tend to limit us as adults. The child who was physically abused becomes the adult who "could" also tend to abuse his/her own children. Or will marry someone who will.

Confronting family members that tend to live in denial will have terrible outcomes, most of the time the confrontation will alienate family members that feel they should guard family secrets. Physical, emotional and spiritual aspects of a human being are all intricately intertwined. Repressed injuries that we experienced in our family can cause health issues as we are carrying all that toxicity with us.

All of us find ourselves following the pattern of our family in different levels even if we have vowed we would never be like our parents. When you

are a child and you are completely oblivious of what you feel, you learn that in order to survive you accept everything that comes your way as you feel that you deserve what is happening to you.

Example: When my mother physically abandoned us, we accepted it because we were completely unaware of how to validate what we were feeling. And while forgiveness is the key to resolving the pain of the past, first we have to come to terms with what happened and try to understand why it happened without blaming ourselves.

Recovering from the wounds of the past begins with the acceptance that we were innocent children and we were powerless. We must give God our past with all its losses and shame, handing over every moment of disgrace, every disappointment, every tear, every dash of hope, every scar. We turn our lives to God with the knowledge that he has offered us a relationship with himself through his forgiveness of our failures. God will make up for everything that we have lost. He must rid of our shame and fill the empty places in our heart.

From this we learn resolution of problems rooted in the past. When we make this real and concrete we can reject the myths and lies that have held us bound. It reinforces our decision to leave behind the darkness of denial and to live in the light of truth.

Forgiveness is often a process that must be repeated. Even when we

have worked through our feelings and forgiven someone who has hurt us, we may find that pain from old wounds starts showing up again, signaling us that fresh forgiveness may be in order.

As we work through the process of forgiveness, we are able to move beyond ourselves and our pain, to establishing a stronger, healthier relationship with God.

In order to acknowledge and accept our pain... God walks beside us helping us to see things clearly.

One of the joys of forgiveness is that we experience a wonderful sense of freedom in our lives. Holding grudges keeps us focused and locked in a situation of pain. Recovery is a spiritual process. Our forgiveness always flows from our forgiveness – from the mercy and grace that God has poured upon us through his son Jesus.

Having experienced forgiveness for our own wrongs and being able to extend forgiveness to others, we become new, free creatures. We move from codependency and dysfunctional behavior into genuine caring and love.

God wants us to be compassionate, kind and understanding but first we have to give this to ourselves, before we can give it to someone else.

**WE ARE GIFTS TO THE WORLD,
WE HAVE SO MUCH LOVE TO
GIVE AROUND**

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Rob's Corner in Calgary

and to be able to learn from them. And to be a good friend when someone is in need of being with one.

Murdering, killing people without remorse, hurting one's feelings without an apology, cheating on a girl friend, wife, husband or boyfriend without any regard for feelings are human. Being a good human being is to care about other people's feelings, not to lie to them, to be honest with them, not to call them names or be judgemental.

What's not being talked about

For one thing, a major affordable housing shortage across the country. Recently on the news I saw people protesting in Burnaby over the lack of affordable housing. It seems like these developers get their way, do as they

please in the name of profit. The waiting list for decent affordable housing seems to be getting longer and longer. More and more rentals are being torn down and are being replaced with towering condos, unaffordable for most Canadians. Same as purchasing a house has become out of reach for many Canadian families or couples.

What's on my mind

What is a job and what's not a job? Perhaps a lot see a job as being a place that you go to work every day, and collect a pay cheque. What about going out every day and collecting bottles and cans? What about selling a street paper? Just because you don't make a lot and pay income tax, does that mean it's not a job? After all, you are earning your money not asking for

By Robert Champion

Being human

Being human is to make mistakes

Stolen Moments by Angelique Branston

So many moments were stolen from you in the past

And even now his acts of cruelty seem to have reached into the future as well.

The scars remain

Where once there were contusions and bruises,

Gashes and seared flesh

The scars remain

The gasoline has soaked into the ground years ago

But it still runs warm in your lungs slowly poisoning your body

The scars remain

The long days and nights locked in a room with no light

Starvation touched your body

Deprivation of the senses was forced upon young innocent flesh

Only to be sharply taken away

Yet only the depth in your eyes hints at all that you have been forced to endure.

but where did this man (if you can call him that, his entire being like some kind of weird house for things of darkness that he welcomed into himself years ago, each new act of inhumanity reinforcing their right to claim his soul and life as theirs) learn such techniques?

Like a cloud of smoke he pulsed over your life, and like smoke he is hard to wash away.

Hard but not impossible.

Ever so slowly you are learning to trust again

Learning to live in freedom

One small shaky step at a time

The shame and fear fall

Their blades finally dulled and rusted, to lie useless on the ground

And all that remains from that thing that impersonated a man

Is the scars.

The scars remain.

A form of torture perfected throughout the ages...

As Councillors we hold the conviction that safe, sufficient, and affordable housing is necessary for the well-being of Edmontonians and the City at large.

In 2015 the City saw strong developments for affordable housing. We completed the ambitious **City of Edmonton Affordable Housing Strategy**, developed the **Social Housing Regeneration** report, and contributed to the **Big City Charter** to explore creative ways to fund future affordable housing projects.

2016 holds even more action for affordable housing and ending homelessness. We're providing grants for secondary suites and renovations as part of the **HOPE** program, we're starting the **Affordable Housing Investment Plan** to give grants to the financially vulnerable, we're backing the redevelopment of affordable housing centres in Lendrum and Londonderry, and finally, we'll be updating **Edmonton's 10 Year Plan to End Homelessness**.

The City is devoted to ending homelessness and affording all of Edmonton the right and honour of having their own homes. *We're well on our way!*



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